The CONVICT COUNTRY or FIGHTING for a MILLION IT.

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER Huthor of "The Revenge of Plare," A Tenement Tragedy, Mails, Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued. "Your chief is out of danger," finally said the doctor, turning to Pearhe will be able to be moved on a stretcher in two or three days."

"Your duty is done then, doctor," replied Pearson, who seemed to be the leader, now that the captain was disabled. "Now, in the matter of your joining our band; which would you prefer; to depart or to continue with

"I am willing to join you, providing-" began the doctor.

"Providing we will guarantee you protection, an ample salary, and a chance at some future time to obtain revenge upon a certain doctor whom you have a grudge against, is that it?" interrupted Pearson.

"That is it," said Schiller. "Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to our cause."

"I am." "Tis well."

Evidently they had prepared for such a ceremony as that which followed, for they escorted the doctor into yet another room leading off from the one they were in. Here were fully as many horses stabled as there were men accommodated in the other room. In one corner was a pile of brush and decayed corn stalks.

"You will now repeat after me the oath that binds us together, bearing this in mind, that our promises to you will be fulfilled only after you have proved yourself worthy of it!

'I do solemnly swear," said Pearson. "I do solemnly swear," repeated the doctor in a firm voice.

"That I will not betray any of the secret signs, haunts, modes of gaining a livelihood, the character of a to know them; nor will I let any one else betray any of the secrets, if in my power to prevent, even if I have to

most beautiful, refined and simp such as are all good girls brought woix, by pure parents. Her heart and has son and Sharkey. "With proper care had been sought for by many, but shace, was fancy free and heart whole as yo Thus far in life her path had bestrewn with flowers and the thors our had been carefully hidden from sigh A vision of beauty and grace, and rdan sweet as she was beautiful.

Having introduced the main perso ages of our story, we shall now tale D the liberty of inserting a clipping taken from the Plankinton Plaindeal tos of Friday, June 7th:

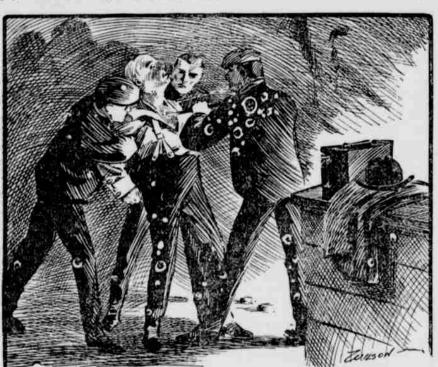
"Dr. Huntington, the well know practitioner and genial leader of ses at turned Tuesday from a visit v ciety and his daughter, the beautif Miss Pearl, have very mysteriousaska disappeared from the haunts which know them so well, as completely if the earth had opened and swallow them. The facts of the case are thes 200. as near as we can learn:

"At 7:30 o'clock last evening, t). H. doctor was engaged with his patient in his office, when the door bell rai prof their daughter, Mrs. Frank Rams violently.

mons. The caller is described by h as a man of medium build and heigh for wearing a heavy beard and mustachak- with alterations, additions and fre He said he wished to see Dr. Huntin ton immediately. "A man has bee nearly killed through a railroad actago dent, and the doctor must come rigorge taining Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Methan, away!"

"The wife informed Dr. Huntingto the and the visitor was admitted to t'3rd; doctor's presence. Dr. Huntington, guest of her sister Mrs. W. L. Frefhastily secured his medicine and strument cases, a roll of cotton bawill ting, some linen, and prepared bancity ages and left the office with the man, bidding his patients good-bye for the day. In front of the door stood a bay brother, to anyone who is not entitled horse hitched to an open wagon. The stranger got in first and held out his

hand for the cases. "Just then Thaddeus Whalen, of



On his bared breast was burned in living flesh the initials "C. C."

kill, or be killed in the defense of the | Forest avenue, came along, and asked same. That I will never see a worthy brother wronged, nor knowingly wrong him; that I will do everything in my power to promote the interests of my associates, to upbuild and hold together my kind. That I will abide by the laws, and in every way do my best to improve the common lot of my fellows. That I will yield up my life to them, my body to molder and rot, should I fail in my duty to you! Amen! Do you so promise?"

"I promise!" was the answer. "Then I will create you a member of the CONVICTS' CLUB. Bare your heart!"

Two of the desperadoes stepped to the doctor's side, while he feebly attempted to carry out the order, but through this ordeal he was as helpless as a child. A red hot branding iron was brought

From the stove, and before the doctor could cry out, or offer resistance, he was seized and held securely while on his bared breast was burned in the living flesh the initials "C. C."
"You are now the equal of any of

us, and your life belongs to the king of the convict country!"

CHAPTER X.

Abduction of Doctor and Pearl Huntington.

Dr. Huntington heard of the pardon of Dr. Schiller, and was gratified in one sense of the word. He was not a hard-hearted man and really felt sorry for his guilty brother. Dr. Huntington recalled the words spoken by Dr. Schiller in reference to being revenged, and was constantly in fear of the result. But as the years went by after Schiller's release and no sign

was made, Huntington felt easier. Dr. Huntington was now a prosperous man, and a very successful practitioner. He had tasted the fruits of honest toil and enjoyed the flavor. He owned a beautiful residence, furnished throughout in sumptuous style; was blessed with a handsome and worthy helpmate, and still more handsome daughter. He has ceased to care for old England and his aristocratic family and had passed them from memory-a happy and contented man, engrossed in his profession, working for the best interests of his fellow townsmen and neighbors.

The daughter grew up to be an honor and credit to her parents. She was

if the doctor was to appear at Miss Reynolds' reception, which was held last evening, at which the doctor was to speak. The doctor replied:

'Ah! Thad, glad you came along, as I don't know when I can get off. I'm called to attend a man who has been hurt down at Squire Briggs' house.'

"Dr. Huntington jumped into the wagon, the impatient driver whipped the horse into a spirited gait and disappeared. This is the last time Dr. Huntington was seen.

"Mrs. Huntington and daughter were preparing for the reception, only waiting for the return of the doctor. An old friend of the family, Mrs. Lillie Thompson, of Oak street, dropped in shortly afterward, and the two older heads, getting tired of waiting, resolved to walk on toward the hall. thinking that the doctor and his daughter, who was to wait for him, would overtake them before their destination was reached. But neither the doctor nor his daughter attended the reception.

"At 9 o'clock, no word having been received from the doctor, Mrs. Huntington grew uneasy. Unable to enjoy herself, on account of the strange absence of her husband, Mrs. Huntington requested Mr. Whalen to escort her home. Arriving, they were surprised to find the house deserted-but upon the center-able in the parlor was found a note from Miss Huntington.

"'Dear Mamma-Papa has been hurt in crossing the railroad track, and I have gone to him.

PEARL. "Upon reading the letter Mrs. Hunt-

ington became greatly excited and ex-

claimed: "'This is Schiller's work!' (Schiller, you will recollect, was the doctor who was convicted of malpractice and sentenced to ten years in the

penitentiary, upon the testimony of

Dr. Huntington.) "'Oh! fudge!' said Mr. Whalen. "But Mrs. Huntington, even from the first, would not believe that her hus-

band was hurt. "Mr. Whalen succeeded in tempora rily pacifying Mrs. Huntington, and calling upon Sylvester Smith, the two proceeded to the home of Squire Briggs to see if any one really had been hurt at his home, and were horC. C. Mack, the Jeweler.

H. C. Holmes is in town. Mrs. Clement Reading is at Dev

D. B. Qvaitt of Alden was in the Wednesday.

Hammocks and Camp Chairsat Whittingtons.

Mrs. W. H. Marshall was in ourls first of the week. Mrs. J. N. Roy of Sutton's Ba

here guest of friends. Clyde Wylie and family move

Deward, Wednesday. W. S. Carr and family Sundaye, the home of Sup'r Jacob Graff.

Fred Gilbert was home over Surn from work on Bellaire Court Houst Miss Aggie Thurlby of Beavertck

guest of Mr. and Mrs W. A. Stroc. East Jordan Creamerye

Mrs. Albert Carlyle and children Charlevoix friends.

Excursion over the D. & C. and C. Ry's on August 3rd to Niagara Fd and Alexander Bay.

Mrs. Alongo Bisnett and daugh Audrey returned Monday from a vg with relatives in Big Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weikel entertair "Mrs. Huntington answered the sufs. C. of Central Lake, first of the week. S

The home of L. A. Hoyt has be nicely improved the past few wes paint.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Haire are ent son Robert, and Miss McBurney, Lima, Ohio.

Miss Jessie Supernaw, who has be the past fortnight, has returned to f home in Norwood. or been tenanted for a

considerable period. The former looked as if tumbling to decay, while grass had grown over the path leading from the tumbled down gate to the front door. The window was boarded up, but through the cracks in the win dow and the cracks in the walls caused by the mud falling away from between the logs, shone a dim light which could not have been seen very

Arriving at the end of the lane, the team was hitched to the fence, and the doctor and driver walked toward the house door. There was a sound as of shuffling feet on the inside of the house, then the driver opened the door, motioning to the dector to enter in the marshes of Athelney for the

The scene presented to the gaze of the doctor was one gotten up especially for his benefit, and calculated to throw him completely off his guard. which it did. On a rude bunk, placed before the fireplace, rested the form hat looked like water. On the head plainly seen-but he did not see the stream-and is a holy place, he raises form of a man behind the door.

The driver motioned again to the As he crossed the threshold, the door hill," he says, "I will build a city and a was closed behind him. The sup-church. From this holy place the was pounced upon from behind, his ages as the place of the clear stream, into his mouth, and he was thrown shall call it-Sherborne." roughly upon the floor.

the doctor stooped Dr. Schiller, the Ealhstan, known as the fighting bishhated enemy and one time rival to cp, and King Ethelwulf's best general. the love of the woman Dr. Huntington | He it was who won the first complete had married.

(To be continued.) UNCLE SAM IN BUSINESS.

Likely to Do Things on a Large Scale When He Operates at All.

Uncle Sam may not set up as a business man, but when he does go into business he is likely to do it in a large way, as he does for instance at the New York navy yard, where are located the largest naval storehouses in the United States.

In the general storehouses there is carried a stock of material, merchandise and supplies of the most varied character, including lumber, cordage, and provisions, clothing, shoes and libraries, including many articles of ship supplies and everything required for the sailors' personal wants amounting in value to upward of \$10,000,000.

The business done in these storehouses during the fiscal year ended in 1904 amounted to more than \$30,-

000,000. Supplies are received here from many sources and from here they are shipped to all parts of the world. The shipments in the course of the fiscal year 1904 aggregated 21,000 gross tons in the full armor of the period, leading | appeared in the previous pageants parand comprised more than 450,000 pack-

ages. The official who administers this business, of a volume that would be nesses done by private concerns, is on the ground. known as the General Storekeeper, this post being occupied by a pay director of the United States navy.

She Was It.

Miss Gaddie-Your brother and I were partners in a little game of whist at Hoyle's house last evening.

Miss Knox-Oh! I thought it might be you. Miss Gaddie-Why, what did he tell

you about it? Miss Knox-He just said he had had a rubber at w/

Have Quaint Celebration

(Special Correspondence.)

American visitors to England this summer had an opportunity of witnessing something worth going far to see, the commemoration by Sherborne, one of the quaintest and most picturesque of West Country towns, of its 1200th birthday.

Instead of feasting, oratory and fireworks, or any of the other varieties of civic celebration which mushroom cities have made so wearisomely familiar, Sherborne had a show worthy of its great age and glorious memories. We Guarantee our Butter to be 10 It took the form of a spectacular folk and made in a clean Sanitary Facta play or pageant in which the most noteworthy events that have taken place in the old gray town were re-

It was given in the open air amid the ruins of old Sherborne castle, around which cluster so many memories of the days when Sherborne lived the strenuous life. No modern stage could provide a setting so well adapted to the performance.

In the folk play 700 of the townsfolk took part. The historical accuracy of



Old Sherborne Residence.

the costumes provided for them is vouched for by the best authorities. Sherborne's chief claim to historic renown lies in the fact that it was for a time the capital of the newer Wessex and the center of the one district which successfully withstood the Dane while Alfred gathered his forlorn hope fight which made England and all that has since come out of it possible. Three of the eleven "episodes" into which the play is divided were de-

voted to this period of its history. The first of these depicted the founding of the town by St. Ealdheim in 705, of a man, supposed to be wounded. when the inhabitants of the west had Near the head of the bunk, on a three- most of them relapsed into heathenlegged stool, sat a tin cup, containing dom. In the midst, of a hunting scene the saint makes his entrance accomof an upturned barrel in a candlestick. panied by some of his disciples. Dipburned a candle that furnished the bing his hand in the small stream flickering light which illumined the which flows by he asks its name and rude interior. All these things were on being told that in the ancient apparent to Dr. Huntington because tongue it is called Seir-burn-the clear

the standard of Christ there. "Upon this holy place, by this doctor to enter, and the doctor did so. clear stream, and on this pleasant posed dying man quickly turned and knowledge of the true God shall blew out the light and while the doc- spread throughout the western lands. tor stood undecided how to act, he And it shall be known throughout all arms pinioned, a rough gag thrust and unto the end of time its children

The next episode introduced the The candle was lit again and over most famous of Sherborne's bishops, victory over the Danes at the mouth | ent and past greatness of Sherborne, of the Parret in 845. He was shown

"It is a great glory for the house of Sherborne and for Sherborne school to have him among us," says the warrior prelate. "For his presence lifts Sherborne on high as the chief city of Wessex.

Brief comment from the chorus fills up a gap of considerably over a century and introduces the fourth episode, the date of which is 998. It graphically depicts the laxity of life into which the monastery at Sherborne, in common with other monasteries, had fallen at that time. The monks are shown drinking and feasting and having a high old time generally. Upon this scene enters Bishop Wulfsy III. and reads an ecclesiastical riot act to them, denouncing them as a "graceless brood of vipers," reminding them that "life is short and hell is near at hand," and scaring them into a penitential mood, in which they accept the rule of St. Benedict.

Time takes another jump, and William the Conqueror, full armed, stern and wrathful, stalks upon the scene and frightens the monks worse than Wulfsy did.

"By God's grace," he says, "ye shall find William the Norman hath a swift hand to seize and a strong hand to

hold. Then he goes on to declare that Sherborne is no longer a see, the church no longer a cathedral, and the town no longer the chief city of Wessex. He transfers the bishopric to Sarum, and departs, attended by his knights on borseback and followed by the bishop, whom he compels to trudge after him afoot to his new billet.

The next episode shows Roger of Caen, the chief minister of Henry I., laying the foundations of the castle whose ruins supplied the stage on which the folk play was performed.

The episode which followed, the seventh, presents a striking contrast to those which precede it and is carried out in the Dorset dialect. It portrays a dispute between the parishioners and the monks, which starts in a controversy concerting the erection of a font in the parish church and ends with the firing of the abbey by the parish priest. During the progress of this scene Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Little John and their retinue were introduced and gave a Morris dance. It was danced to the original tune, too.

The foundation of the almshouse, still a flourishing institution in Sherborne, by Sir Humphry Stafford and others in the year 1437, forms the subject of the eighth episode.

The ninth shows the expulsion of the monks at the dissolution of the monastery by King Harry and the sale of the abbey church.

The next illustrates the refounding of the famous Sherborne school and the receipt of its charter from King

Edward VI. in 1550. The last of the episodes introduces one of the most heroic and tragic figures of English history, Sir Walter Raleigh, whose association with Sherborne is accounted not the least of its claims to distinction. It depicts his homecoming, with his wife, to the castle which had been granted him by Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter makes some pretty and gallant speeches to his wife, which puts her in such good humor that she fills his pipe for him and leaves him to the enjoyment of the "Virginian weed," which he is supposed to have first introduced into England. Then occurs that humorous incident with which every smoker is familiar. A servant comes in, and imagining his master is on fire, souses him with a jug of ale.

The performance concluded with a final tableau emblematic of the pres-



Abbey Church.

a charge against the invading Danes to the cry of "For God and home." After a terrific hand-to-hand encounter they are driven back through the Chapel counted big among the biggest busi- Exit, leaving their dead and wounded

> The third scene presented the most famous figure associated with Sherborne's history, Alfred the Great. A procession enters bearing the dying King Ethelbald to his last resting place at Sherborne. He is met by his brother, Ethelbert, and their mother, Queen Osburga. With them is Alfred, at this time but a lad. Ethelbald embraces Ethelbert, with whom he had long been at enmity, and expires after bestowing a blessing on Alfred. Queen Osburga leaves Alfred with Bishop Ealhstan to be educated.

ticipated.

Sherberne was symbolized by a 'stately female figure" with long loose hair, surmounted by a castellated crown, and bearing in her right hand

a model of Sherborne abbey. On her right hand stood another female figure, typifying her American daughter, who dropped the final "e" from her name when she settled in Massachusetts. She wore a diadem of stars on her head; her left hand rested on the arms of the state of Massachusetts, and in her right hand she bore a model of a caravel.

A man's meaning may be the same during courtship and after marriage, but it is expressed in different language.

WHERE GAME IS PLENTY.

Newfoundland Declared a Paradise for the Sportsman. L. F. Brown, the veteran angler and camper, writes in The Country Calen-

"Brook trout and brown trout are not appreciated in Newfoundland, being far more common than are the perch and sunfish of the states. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler who casts his flies from the shore of almost any lake. Such catches are counted by the dozen-one lot of seventy-two dozen being brought aboard the train at Harbor Grace. One dozen

ten-inch trout usually sell for 10 cents. "There are 687 named lakes on the island, and 30,000 known ones, without names. The island has about 4,-000 miles of seacoast, including that of bays like Bonavista, Notre Dame, Fortune, St. Mary's Bonne, St. George, Placentia and Bay of Islands. From one to six streams of clear green water empty into each of these bays Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon stream. Back from all that coast are other and easily reached streams that have not even a tradition of a fishnet, rod or hook and lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare wild geese and ducks, willow grouse, whose plumage turns white in winter; ptarmigan, plover and curlew. These camping places bring a unique sense of remoteness and solitude. Only one who has actually seen the wall of darkness around a camp fire in the Newfoundland jungles and over the tundras can understand the tinge of fear that sometimes becomes almost appalling in the vast solitudes."

Lincoln and Webster's Friend. The late Hon, Charles W. Slack told the following of the Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Dan-

iel Webster: Mr. Harvey was a large man with a small voice and that pomposity of manner that many very diffident men possess. Above everything, he valued and prided himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder."

The first year of the war of the rebellion he went to Washington, and on his return was asked how he liked

President Lincoln, "Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do; and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clapped his hand on my leg: 'Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great

calf you have got!" -- Boston Herald.

The Lost Decoy. H. E. Buermeyer, the president of the National Amateur Skating Association, was describing a banquet that

he had once attended in New York. "I found this banquet interesting," he said, "and I was one of the last to leave. In the cloakroom, as I was putting on my hat and coat. I couldn't help noticing the woebegone look on the attendant's face. The poor fellow appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself.

"'You seem disconsolate, friend,' I

said. "'I am disconsolate, sfr.' said the

attendant. "'What is the trouble?' said I. 'Haven't the guests tipped you well

to-night?" "The attendant answered in an excited voice:

"'It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter that I put in the tray for a decoy.' "-Buffalo Enquirer.

Circle of Life Nearly Complete. Stephen P. Steele, who practiced law in Pejerboro, N. H., for a generation, was employed by a Boston man, who had purchased a piece of real estate in that town, to clear the title. This necessitated the purchase of a life interest in it, owned by an old lady. This interest was converted into an annuity, figured upon the probability of her

life according to the regular tables. .After this period had expired by many years the Boston man wrote Mr. Steele, through whom he had made the annual payments, asking him how much longer he thought the old woman would live. Steele replied that she was then bent nearly double with age. and in a few years he believed her extremities would meet, and then she would live forever.

Judge Sherman's Estate Renamed. When Judge Sherman was renovating his beautiful summer home, which is built directly on the rocks at Gloucester, Mass., he thought he would like to give it a name appropriate to the location. So he wrote a letter to a friend and put "Founded-ona-Rock" across the top, to see how it would look on his stationery.

The friend he wrote to happened to be a great joker, and the judge was astonished to receive a letter addressed to "The Hon. Judge Shermen. Found-dead-on-a-rock. Glouces ter, Mass.

Choate Needed a Starter.

Harvey Waters, an expert on patent cases, had occasion to write Rufus Choate on some important question, and when he received the reply was unable to read a word of it, so took the missive to Mr. Choate and asked him what he had written.

Mr. Choate replied: "I never know what I have written after the ink is dry, but if you will tell me what it is about I will tell you what I have written." And he did.